

THE DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, March 22, 1917.

RAPID BRITISH ADVANCE—40 VILLAGES FALL

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1917.

One Penny.

LEADERS OF OUR FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE—HISTORIC GROUP TAKEN
AT THE FIRST SITTING OF THE IMPERIAL WAR CABINET.

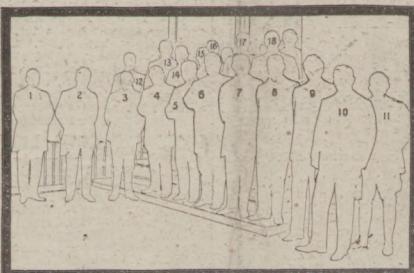


Group taken at No. 10, Downing-street, the Premier's official residence, where the Cabinet met. Australia alone, owing to the political crisis, was unrepresented.

"WE SEEK ONLY JUSTICE."



President Wilson delivering his inaugural address outside the Capitol at Washington. "We seek only to vindicate our right to liberty and justice," he said.



(1) Mr. Walter Long; (2) Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Premier; (3) General Smuts, South Africa; (4) Mr. Lloyd George; (5) Sir J. Weston; (6) Mr. W. F. Massey, Premier of New Zealand; (7) Mr. Robert Rogers, Canada; (8) Sir George Perley, Canada; (9) Mr. Balfour; (10) Mr. Henderson; (11) Sir Maurice Hankie; (12) Mr. Bonar Law; (13) Mr. Hazen, Canadian Minister of Marine; (14) Sir Joseph Ward; (15) Mr. Austen Chamberlain, India; (16) Sir Edward Carson; (17) the Maharajah of Bikanir, and (18) Lord Curzon.

DECORATION FOR FIREMAN.



Superintendent Ford, of the Bradford Fire Brigade, leaving the investiture at which he was decorated yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SUGAR CHARTER FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Purchase No Longer Conditional on Buying Other Things.

CONTROLLER'S ORDERS.

Britain now has its Shoppers' Charter, for Lord Devonport (the Food Controller) has made an order putting an end to the practice of making the purchase of a particular article of food conditional upon buying some other article as well.

Sugar and potatoes have thus received their freedom.

Anything from 2s. to 10s. has been paid by housewives for other goods in order to get a pound of sugar while the potato seeker has often had to buy other vegetables in order to get the "brown diamonds" of war time.

The text of Lord Devonport's order is as follows:—

"Except under the authority of the Food Controller no person shall in connection with a sale or proposed sale of any article of food impose or attempt to impose any condition relating to the purchase of any other article."

With regard to the Price of Sweden's Order, issued by Lord Devonport, he explained that the object in fixing the retail price at 1d. per lb., which is considerably in excess of the real market price, is to allow a sufficient margin of profit to farmers, dealers and retailers to encourage the diversion of swedes from agricultural purposes to human consumption as one of the effective substitutes for potatoes.

BE A POTATO PATRIOT.

"Abstain from eating potatoes—there are not many of them, so leave them to the poor." That is Lord Devonport's appeal to the well-to-do and the middle classes.

The manager of one of London's best-known hotels ventured the estimate to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that well over 100,000lb. of potatoes per day would be saved for the poor in London alone if those who are able to buy other foods abstained from the use of the vegetable.

"It would be an excellent thing if the Food Controller issued an order prohibiting the consumption of potatoes in all the clubs and hotels and restaurants patronised by the well-to-do and middle classes.

Several clubs, *The Daily Mirror* found yesterday, have already decided on potatoless days for whole of the next three months.

"THE FIRST RETREAT."

Stirring French Declaration as to Meaning of German Withdrawal.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The following Ministerial declaration was read in the Chamber of Deputies to-day by M. Ribot, and in the Senate by M. Vivian:—

"After thirty-two months we have entered upon a decisive period of this terrible war into which we were forced by inexorable aggression and which we are determined to wage with the utmost vigour until victory is attained.

"Not in a spirit of domination and conquest, but with the firm intention of recovering the position lost to us from and obtaining the reparation and guarantees which are due to us and of preparing a lasting peace based on respect for the rights and liberties of peoples.

"We are at this moment witnessing the first retreat of the enemy armies under the pressure of our admirable troops and those of our Allies, and we hail with emotion the deliverance of part of the soil of our country too long sulled by invasion.

"Although this retreat is without doubt but a preface to fresh and fierce battles in which the enemy will expend his last efforts, France feels her confidence renewed in face of these results of our unshakable firmness and of the skilful strategic preparations of the leaders of our Armies."—*Reuter.*

£250 FOR SCHOOLBOY.

Nitric Acid Experiment That Burned His Face.

An experiment by an Ealing schoolboy, Arthur Clarence Askew, with nitric acid, which resulted in his face being burned, had a sequel in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when he was awarded £250 damages against the Middlesex County Council for alleged negligence.

The boy's case was that while taking part in experiments in the chemical laboratory of the Ealing County Council School he was burned through mishap, it being alleged that boys were allowed to experiment without proper supervision.

Erie Harbert said that on the day of the accident he could not find a glass dipper suitable for the experiment, and so he took the test-tube containing the acid, and, remarking "Look out," poured a little on the sawdust.

The jury also found for the boy's father's claim for £25 for expenses. A stay of execution was granted.

INTRUDER AT "NO. 10."

Strange Man's Desperate Struggle to Interview the Premier.

FIGHT WITH DETECTIVES.

A scene was created yesterday in Downing-street by a well-dressed man—obviously a foreigner and apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age—who called at the residence of Mr. Lloyd George and demanded in an excited manner to be conducted immediately to the Prime Minister.

When asked his business he became agitated and, gesturing wildly, repeated his demand to see Mr. Lloyd George.

Refused admission, he rushed blindly at the doorkeeper and succeeded in making his way into the hall, where he attacked one of the messengers who attempted to bar his progress into the corridor leading to the Cabinet chamber.

Police officers and detectives immediately entered the hall, where the man was arrested. After a struggle he was conveyed to Cannon-row Police Station.

It was ascertained by the police that he was a Russian subject who had lately arrived in London from Birmingham.

He said his name was Stanislas Zyldzeroff, and gave an address at Handsworth Wood, Birmingham. Later in the day he was taken to the Fulham Infirmary, where he was placed under medical observation.

DIED IN PRISON.

Wife of Ex-German Consul Takes Veronal While Insane.

When the former German Consul at Sunderland, Adolph Ahlers, appeared to give evidence at the trial of his son on his wife, who died in Holloway Prison, he was subjected to some searching questions by the coroner.

Ahlers was sentenced to death in 1914 on a charge of high treason, but the conviction was subsequently quashed on appeal and he was then interned.

Speaking in good English, Ahlers said that he was naturalised in this country a long time before the war.

The Coroner: Then you are an Englishman with the same rights as every Englishman. You



Mrs. Ahlers.

Mr. Ahlers.

were born in Germany?—Yes, I am now living at the Islington Internment Camp.

Why are you in an internment camp if you are a naturalised Englishman?—I cannot really answer. I have not been informed why I was interned.

His wife had enjoyed fairly good health, but she had had about fourteen children, of whom three were now living, and her health had been affected by this.

During his trial his wife had got into the habit of taking veronal, and he was told that once since his internment she had taken an overdose. She was subject to passionate outbursts, and even a fly on the wall excited her.

The jury returned a verdict that the death of Mrs. Ahlers was due to veronal poisoning while insane.

EMPIRE IN COUNCIL.

First Meeting of the Great War Conference.

The inaugural meeting of the Imperial War Conference, the object of which is to discuss problems arising out of the war, was held at the Colonial Office yesterday under the presidency of Sir Edward Carson, sitting for two hours adjourned till Saturday morning.

The Conference decided that as so many of the subjects under discussion are intimately connected with military operations nothing regarding the proceedings shall be made public at present.

Mr. Long welcomed the members of the conference, expressed regret at the absence of the Australian delegation, and said he was gratified at the presence of Indian representatives at such a gathering for the first time.

The representatives of the Dominions replied cordially endorsing these sentiments, and Mr. Chamberlain emphasised the satisfaction with which the meeting would be regarded in India.

A photograph of those present at the Conference appears on page 1.

A AND B CLASSES ONLY.

It is the intention of the War Office to alter the military classification system. The intention is to have only Class A—fit for general service—and Class B—not fit for general service."

This statement was made last night in the House of Commons by Mr. Macpherson.

EX-TSAR A PRISONER.

Armed Guard Bring Tsarina and Pro-German Suite to Palace.

HUN DUKE ARRESTED.

PETROGRAD, Wednesday.—The Government has ordered that the ex-Tsar and his consort shall be regarded as enemies of their liberty and that they shall be brought to Tsarskoe Selo.

It has also ordered that General Alexeiev, Chief of the General Staff, shall be instructed to place at the disposal of MM. Bushikoff, Verschinine, Gribononne and Kalinin, members of the Duma, who have been sent to Mogilevsk, where the ex-Tsar is at present, a detachment to the ex-Tsar.

The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has been arrested and brought to the Duma.—Reuter.

The Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz is the grandson of the Dowager Grand Duchess Caroline of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, who died in 1914.

It will be remembered that her life-grant of £3,000 a year from the British Treasury was suspended in 1914.

The Dowager Grand Duchess Caroline was a granddaughter of George III.

"A VERY SICK MAN."

THE HAGUE, Wednesday.—A Copenhagen telegram to the *Rheinische Westphälische* says the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Miria and Anastasia, the Tsar daughters, have arrived at Yalta, where the Tsar is also expected in a day or two. A family council will take place there.

It is confirmed that the Tsar is now at Fincken Seelo, under Government surveillance. All her ladies-in-waiting are also under the strictest watch. They are suspected of being dangerous pro-German intruders.

The Tsarina is said to have been greatly shocked by the recent events. During his last stay at headquarters the Tsar gave the impression of being a very sick man.—Exchange.

New Revolution?—Several men who have arrived in Holland from a Copenhagen message report that between the Duma Committee and the Workers' Party there is still a great difference of opinion.

Most of the extreme Socialists are agitating violently, and it is feared that a new revolution will break out, as the extremists are agitating for the war to be brought to an end.

Finland's Proclamation.—A Berlin telegram to the *Rheinisch-Westphälische* states that the Finnish Independence Committee proclaimed the independence of Finland yesterday.—Exchange.

Commons to Duma.—The Government gave notice last evening of the following motion on Russia:—

"That this House sends to the Duma its fraternal greetings and sends to the Russian people its heartfelt congratulations upon the establishment among them of free institutions."

"RETURN TO WORK!"

Labour Minister's Patriotic Appeal to Tyneside Engineers.

"The Minister of Labour requests that you will convey to the men on strike on the Tyne his very deep concern at the interruption in the supply of munitions of war which are so urgently needed by the Army in the field and the Navy, and the delay in providing guns for our mercantile marine, who are running such grave risks from German submarine."

Thus writes the Secretary of the Ministry of Labour to the general secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in regard to an engineering stoppage on the Tyne.

"The Minister," the letter goes on, "would urgently request that a return to work should take place without delay. He would guarantee that if work be resumed at once a hearing of the case, and a decision, will be given within a week from restarting. It may be possible to obtain a decision in less than a week, and he will use his best endeavour to do this."

LAME BARONET'S LIGHTNING CURE.

Sir Archibald Macdonald was yesterday successfully operated upon by Mr. H. A. Barker for a dislocated knee cartilage.

For many weeks Sir Archibald, who has only been enabled to limp about painfully with the help of two sticks, was able to walk immediately after the operation—an amazing proof of the patient's vitality.

FIRST LORD SILENT ON KENT RAID

Asked in the Commons yesterday whether he could make any statement regarding the recent raids by German aeroplanes on the Kentish coast, Sir Edward Carson (F.E.C.) of the Admiralty replied: "I have nothing to add to the previous statement on this matter."

Mr. Hogge: Will the right hon. gentleman say anything with regard to the torpedoing of the hospital ship in the Channel?

The Speaker: That does not arise out of this question.

CALL TO WOMEN TO JOIN LAND ARMY.

Great Scheme to Swell Nation's Food Supply.

1,000 TRAINING CENTRES.

Women are now being recruited for the land, under the terms and conditions set forth by Mr. Prothero, at the Royal Albert Hall meeting last Saturday.

The terms include board and lodging during training.

One free outfit (high boots, breeches, two overalls and hat).

Wages 18s. per week, at least (or the wage rate of the district, whichever is higher).

Over 1,000 training centres have now been organised throughout the country. In some cases the women will be housed in large private houses, which have been lent, or grouped in hostels, and trained in surrounding farms.

In other instances houses have been lent by farmers who are undertaking training on the schemes.

The welfare and supervision of the girls, both during training and after, when they are actually working on the land, will be controlled by experienced women, carefully selected by the local Women's War Agricultural Committees and National Service.

The women will be doing men's work, it is of the utmost importance that they should be of stout physique and hardy.

Thousands of strong, healthy women are required at once, and all who realise the national importance of working to increase the food supply should apply for terms and conditions to the nearest post-office, employment exchange, or National Service offices, where enrolment forms may be obtained.

NEW MAN-POWER PLAN.

Is List of Certified Trades To Be Cancelled Immediately?

It is understood that the certified occupations list is to be cancelled immediately and replaced by a short list of essential occupations.

The National Service Department yesterday, in answer to an inquiry, stated that nothing was known of any intention to immediately cancel the list.

A deputation from the Labour Party and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress was received in private by the Prime Minister yesterday, and presented resolutions expressing hostility to industrial compulsion, and calling for the revision of the order restricting employment.

LORD FISHER'S 60 WORDS.

Straight Refusal to Discuss Dardanelles Reports.

Lord Fisher, the ex-First Sea Lord, made a dramatic little speech in the House of Lords yesterday afternoon.

Rising immediately after the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat, he said:—

"My lords, when our country is in great jeopardy—as she now is—it is not the time to tarnish great reputations, to asperse the dead and to discover our supposed weakness to the enemy, so I shall not discuss the Dardanelles Reports."

"I shall await the end of the war, when all the truth can be made known."

The noble lord, having made his statement, immediately left the House.

The Dardanelles Commissioners, it is understood, propose still to prosecute the inquiry for which purpose they were established by Act of Parliament, notwithstanding suggestions which are being made to the contrary. There was a further sitting yesterday, when additional military evidence was taken.

NEWS ITEMS.

To Help Grow Food.

Dover Corporation yesterday decided to release all the gardeners and steam-roller drivers in their employ in order that they may work on farms for the next six weeks.

£6,000 for a Tank.

The Army Council have gratefully accepted on behalf of the Government a gift of £6,000 from Mr. Eu Tong Seng, a member of the Federal Council of the Malay States, for the purchase of a tank.

Swede to Try Atlantic Flight.

With a specially designed aeroplane, constructed in America, Captain Sundstedt, the well-known Swedish aeronaut, is preparing (says the Exchange) for a flight across the Atlantic with a passenger about April 15.

Huns Deporting Women.

The deportation of women and young girls from Eastern Flanders to Germany and to the fields behind the front in France for agricultural purposes (says the Wireless Press) is being systematically continued.

THE BRITISH LIBERATE ANOTHER FORTY VILLAGES

Rapid Advance of Our Troops—About Six Miles from St. Quentin.

FOE'S RESISTANCE STIFFENS AT POINTS.

German Rearguards Steadily Driven from Their Positions and Our Progress Continues—Successful Raids.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Wednesday.

8.37 P.M.—South-east and east of Peronne our troops have advanced rapidly during the past twenty-four hours and have reached points some ten miles to the east of the River Somme.

We have occupied another 40 villages in this area.

Between Nurlu and Arras the enemy is beginning to develop considerable resistance at a number of places. Nevertheless, his rearguards are being steadily driven from their positions and our progress continues.

We carried out successful raids during the night east of Arras and north-east of Neuville St. Vaast. A hostile raiding party east of Neuville St. Vaast was repulsed.

The enemy blew a mine this morning south-east of Ypres, damaging his own trenches.

There has been considerable artillery activity during the day on both sides in the neighbourhood of Armentieres and Ypres.

[St. Quentin is sixteen miles east of the Somme, and therefore British troops are six miles from St. Quentin.]

FOE SAY THEY INFILCTED 2,528 SHIPS ARRIVE HERE HEAVY LOSSES.

"Isolated" Mixed Detachments Compelled to Retire."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Afternoon.—Western Front.—Owing to rain and snow there has been only slight fighting activity.

Between Arras and Bapaume, north-east of Ham and north of Soissons our covering troops forced isolated mixed detachments of the enemy to retire with heavy losses.

On the right bank of the Meuse this morning two French thrusts at the Fosses Wood failed.—Reuter.

Night.—Apart from engagements in the Somme and Oise regions, no events of special importance.—Admiralty per Wireless.

GREAT RIOTS REPORTED IN BERLIN.

Troops Recalled from Frontier to Maintain Order.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—A telegram from Oldenzaal, on the Dutch-German frontier, says that persistent rumours are current there of great rioting in Berlin.

Frontier regiments from the Eastern German frontier are reported to have left for Berlin to maintain order.

The riots are said to be connected with the scarcity of food.—Telegraph.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—According to Cologne reports, fifty Chinese, mostly students, living in Germany, especially in Berlin and Munich, were arrested yesterday on a charge of conspiracy. They were preparing to leave Germany with their Legation. It is expected that the Chinese Minister will enter a protest in order to obtain their release. The actual reason for their arrest is not given.—Exchange.

GERMAN MUNITION WORKERS' STRIKE.

ROTTERDAM, Wednesday.—Five munition factories at Dusseldorf have been on strike for the last forty-eight hours as a protest against the small rations. The men and women have declared that unless they are given sufficient food they will not resume work. The cause of the strike is due to the reduction in meat, bread and potato rations decided upon last week in Dusseldorf. About 40,000 are on strike.—Exchange.

AUSTRIAN PEACE RUMOUR.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The Tribune learns from Washington that the delay in answering Austria's submarine Note is due to the perfecting of a plan to bring about peace between Austria-Hungary and the Entente. It is understood that the foundation has been laid for an agreement on this question.—Exchange.

An Investiture held at Buckingham Palace by the King yesterday 110 decorations were presented.



The British continue to advance rapidly, and are now about six miles from St. Quentin. We have liberated forty more villages.

RADIANT RETURN OF EXILED WOMEN.

Children Wounded by Hun Shelling—Altars Blown Up.

MILES OF HACKED TREES.

FROM MR. HENRY WOOD.

PARIS, Wednesday.—Despite the maximum destruction and the obstacles created by the Germans, the French are following on the enemy's heels so rapidly that they are occupying village after village hours before the Germans count on being forced to evacuate.

The entire pathway of the German retreat for fifteen miles of advance was made liable by the smoke from burning houses. Along the road from Chauny to Noyon was one continual stream of refugees from the villages beyond Chauny, sacked and burnt by the Germans.

The refugees consisted exclusively of women, babies and children.

Although obliged to push forward on foot for over eleven miles on the road to Noyon in face of driving sleet and snow, all were radiantly and supremely happy.

SACKED HOUSES.

All told the same story. For weeks past the Germans had expelled them from village to village in preparation for the retreat, and when the final moment came houses were sacked and then set on fire before the eyes of the refugees, who were left helpless and without food.

Then, following the retreat, the Germans, when they had reason to believe that the French had arrived in the village, immediately began shelling, despite the fact that they were perfectly aware they had left thousands of women and children concentrated there.

Over 7,000 women and children underwent this experience in Chauny alone,

INSENSATE DESTRUCTION.

The entire German retreat from Noyon towards Chauny and Tergnier was marked by the most insensate destruction and devastation.

Apart from the burning of villages the dynamiting of farmhouses, the blowing up of church doors and altars, the destruction was carried to such an extent that trees were felled for twenty miles through fields and farms where every onward tree had been either hewn down or if still standing sufficiently hacked up to ensure killing.

Before evacuating them the Germans stripped every village of all metal, tearing the gutters from the houses and removing church clock-towers, bells and roofs—from Noyon Cathedral to the humblest village church.—Exchange.

EVERYTHING DESTROYED.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—A Berlin telegram states:

The German operations in the West have resulted in our getting away from the old positions in Picardy, which had been maintained during two and a half years of trench warfare.

The cavalry of both sides are now in touch with each other in a completely new situation in the West has been created.

The German position between the Aisne and the Oise (the message adds) was held by continually decreasing German forces against daily increasing French preparations for attack, until on March 12 there only remained in our trenches a few detachments sufficient bloody to repulse the French attacks.

This change was seized by the enemy for several days and the French, after fighting hard with our rearguard detachments, only succeeded on March 16 in gaining possession of the German advanced position.

Peronne was evacuated on the night of March 13, but the British only occupied the burning town in the evening of the 17th, while at the same time the French entered Noyon.

Everything that could be serviceable to the enemy was destroyed.

The operations were carried out like peace manoeuvres. Apart from some men missing, who lost their way on the wide terrain, we had no losses.—Reuter.

TURKISH TROOPS CUT OFF NEAR ADEN.

Another Arab Chief Revolts Against the Ottoman Government.

Mr. Balliol, answering a question in the House of Commons last night as to the political situation in Arabia, said another important chief had risen against the Turks.

The Turkish force near Aden was isolated from Turkish headquarters.

The Turkish military authorities had no means of ascertaining the dispositions against them except through our Press.

He preferred to make no statement about the operations beyond stating that the position was satisfactory.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—In well-informed circles it is anticipated that the reply of the Dutch Government to the representations made to it regarding armed merchantmen arising out of the case of the Princess Melpita, will be unsatisfactory from the standpoint of the Entente.

FRENCH STORM A VILLAGE AT CLOSE OF DAY.

Villages Captured During the Night and Further Progress Made.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

PARIS, Wednesday.—We moved from Ham to St. Quentin, and from there our cavalry and detachments of the enemy took place.

East of Ham our troops brilliantly carried yesterday at the close of the day the Chateau de Savyrienois and the village of Jussy, in spite of a keen defence by the garrison.

South of Chauny we occupied the general line of the Ailette. All the positions reached are solidly organised.

North and west of Soissons we have made considerable progress during the night to the right and left of the Laon road, and have taken ten new villages.—Reuter.

Some Old-Fashioned Beauty Recipes.

Simple and Effective.

By MIMOSA.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

BEAUTIFUL hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stalla as a sham poo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stalla has never been used much for this purpose, it is to the consumer's advantage to buy a sealed original pack ages enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stalla granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very bese and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

HOW permanently, not merely temporarily, remove the downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenimol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Don't Have Grey Hair.

GREY hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not advisable because they are always obtrusive, inconvenient and often downright injurious. Few people know that a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless manner. You have only to get two ounces of tannalite concentrate from your chemist and mix in three ounces of base oil to prove this. Apply this strong and harmless lotion for a few nights to the hair with a small sponge and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy, and has been proved over and over again for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

To Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Eleemosynia.

DOES your skin chafe, roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion perfectly white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercerised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blotted skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like a draft on a disused sealant only it almost instantaneously disappears. Mercerised wax simply hastens Nature's work which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Blackheads Fly Away.

APRACTICALLY instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoirs of every wife, housewife and maid-servant. Drop a spoonful tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin becomes soft, smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Advt.)

RED LIPS AND HEALTH

The first place where anemia, or thin blood, shows is in the lips and gums and the membranes that line the eyelids. You may be naturally pale and still be healthy, but when these membranes lose their bright red colour your blood is deficient in quantity or colour.

Thin blood is a danger; it invites disease. As the organs of the blood have to repel disease germs, thin blood means less power to do this. For instance, when you cut yourself, the wound does not heal so quickly if your blood is thin and weak.

To build up the blood there is one remedy that has been a household word for a generation—Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. These pills tone up the entire system, make the blood rich and red, strengthen the nerves, increase the appetite, put colour in the cheeks and lips, and drive away that unnatural tired feeling. Good, wholesome food and fresh air will do the rest. Begin Dr. Williams' pink pills today; you can buy them locally, but take care to get Dr. Williams'.

WRITE A POSTCARD TO BOOK DEPT., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for a free copy of a useful Health Guide.—(Advt.)

"THE TERROR OF THE SAVOY."



The Countess de Salvate with the lioness cub she has brought up. It was the terror of the Savoy while a guest there, but has now gone to the Zoo.

GIFT OF GOLLIWOGS.



Miss Florence Upton has given her original dolls and golliwog literature to the Red Cross sale.

FOUR MISSING MEN.



Lt. W. E. J. Lewis (Welsh Regt.), who has been awarded the Italian silver medal for valour.

Capt. Eric Gordon Bowden, awarded the Italian silver medal for valour.

At B. Bond (R.N.D.), Write to Mrs. Bond, 10, Parkside, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.

Cpl. C. H. Bailey (Suffolks). Write to Mr. Bailey, 10, Church-street, Great Wilbraham, Cambs.

Cpl. R. A. Thomas (King's Royal Rifle Corps). Write to Mr. Thomas, 31, St. John's-grove, Croydon.

Pte. S. Scott (East Surrey Regt.). Write to Mr. Scott, 37, Sansom-street, Camberwell, London, S.E.

HEROES DECORATED.



Gun. A. Wilson (R.F.A.), awarded the Military Medal for his gallantry while under very heavy fire.

Pte. F. F. Mann, of the Suffolk Regt., who is among the men recently awarded the Military Medal.



Lee. Cpl. R. A. Thomas (King's Royal Rifle Corps). Write to Mr. Thomas, 31, St. John's-grove, Croydon.

Pte. S. Scott (East Surrey Regt.). Write to Mr. Scott, 37, Sansom-street, Camberwell, London, S.E.

THE RULING PASSION.



This boy was discovered reading "The Smallholder," to which stories of adventures must now give place.

DID YOUR CHILD WAKE UP CROSS OR FEVERISH?

Look, Mother! If Tongue is Coated, give "California Syrup of Figs" to Clean the Bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if the tongue is coated; this is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels need attention at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, "stuffy" with cold, throat sore; when the child has tainted breath and doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, or has stomach-ache or diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cure is a strong should be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a tea-spoonful, and in a few hours all the waste matter, sour bile and fermenting food clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a healthy and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside cleansing." Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Imitations are sometimes substituted. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/3 per bottle. Refuse substitutes.—(Advt.)

WRINKLES - HOW THE JAPANESE BANISH THEM FOR EVER.

Accept this great offer made to introduce in this country a totally new method guaranteed to permanently remove even the deepest creases within one week.

Nothing even remotely resembling this new Japanese method has ever been heard of in this country before. There is only one reason why so many women have wrinkles and still consider them incurable.

I want one thousand ladies in this country to remove their wrinkles and agree to recommend it to their friends AFTER it has done all I claim. This is frankly an advertisement. The name, address and address will be treated as strictly confidential and not used in any way. I prefer applicants to be from forty to sixty years of age, as the more wrinkled their faces are the more pleased I shall be to make them look ten to thirty years younger.

Remember I am not asking some ridiculously extravagant price to try this method, nor do I charge any extra for application.

I bind no one to secrecy, and do not claim ability to remove wrinkles by means of any sort of flesh food, face powder, plasters, ointments or pastes, liniments, medicines, steaming, bandage masks, electric exercises, massaging, apparatus or any mechanical appliances whatsoever. In fact, I have no toilet articles of any kind to sell for removing wrinkles, and I do not recommend any combination system or system, either duplex, triplex, or any other sort of "plex."

I guarantee to hold this offer open to all applicants for one month from the time the announcement appears. SEND NO MONEY, but, if convenient, three penny stamps may be enclosed for my posting expense. There is no obligation of any kind. Mail to Mr. Ryukai (Stone 33A), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Your letter will receive prompt attention, under plain, sealed cover. I agree to return every postage in full if you are not surprised, astonished, and delighted by what I send you.—(Advt.)

LADIES, GIRLS! ACT NOW! HAIR COMING OUT MEANS DANDRUFF.

"Danderine" Will Save Your Hair and Double Its Beauty. Try This! Your Hair Gets Soft, Wavy, Abundant and Glossy at Once.

Say your hair! Beautify it! It is only a matter of using a little Danderine occasionally to have a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, wavy and free from dandruff. It is easy and inexpensive to have pretty, charming hair and lots of it. Just get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all chemists sell and recommend it (1/2 and 2/3s no increase in price)—apply a little to the scalp, and after ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness and incomparable gloss and lustre; and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over the scalp. Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair-growth destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.—(Advt.)

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1917.

"LEARNING OUR LESSONS."

THERE are happy people who hold that "the biggest war in history" is teaching us a great deal.

We are learning by our mistakes. Some where in England, there sits a Recording Angel—an "expert" of his kind—whose business it is constantly to docket, classify and arrange the lessons of the war for future reference. We did this right and that wrong. In future we shall always do this, then, in that way, and that in another way. Thus Progress will be a reality at last, and Perfection will be visible through a strong pair of field glasses on a clear day.

Unfortunately, all depends upon opinion. And opinion, in regard to any record of action or classified facts, is infinitely variable—as multitudinous as the men who form it.

Something, you say, is done quite wrongly? It failed? Demonstrably, undeniably it failed? Put that aside then. It is certain.

Ah, but wait a minute.

Did it fail? Did it fail quite so badly as you say? Don't you rather exaggerate its failure? In fact, didn't it partially succeed? Surely it succeeded as well as could be expected under the circumstances, which were difficult. Under those circumstances, so difficult, it succeeded very well. In fact it was a big success. . . .

So much for the lesson you thought we had learnt. Instead of learning it, people argue about what it is. People act on opinions, and opinions are unstable and little influenced by facts.

May we give an instance?

If there is one thing some of us thought clear over the whole sad story of the Dardanelles it was the harm done to our name and cause amongst the Nearest-Eastern peoples by our failure in the Dardanelles. Together with our diplomatic fumbling of those days, what mainly brought Bulgaria into the war was the evidence of our impotence in the Dardanelles.

Yet we are now told that the Dardanelles expedition "kept Bulgaria out of the war."

We are struck dumb with astonishment!

Another point. Surely one of the lessons of the war is that the experts have failed, like other men. Surely, once more, over the Dardanelles, expert opinion was as wrong as mere civilian opinion. It was contradictory, it was silent when it should have spoken, it approved when it should have clearly warned. Judged by results, it failed.

Yet the *Morning Post*, chasing the old bee in its bonnet, tells us that the lesson of the Dardanelles report is that things should be left to experts.

Heaven help things, if they are!

Again we are amazed.

And we conclude that the lessons of this war cannot properly be learnt, since nobody agrees with anybody else as to what those lessons are.

W. M.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The goal in sight! Look up and sing. Set faces full against the light, Watch with rapturous welcoming. The goal in sight

Let be the left, let be the right: Straight forward make your footsteps ring A loud alarum through the night.

Death haunts you, yes, but rest of sting: Death grows your shrout is white; Hail! Life and Death and all that bring The goal in sight

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When thou dost purpose ought within thy power, be sure to do it, though it be small. —George Herbert.

ARE WE AN EXTRAVAGANT NATION?

DIFFICULTIES OF LIVING SIMPLY AFTER THE WAR.

By AGNES E. OLLIVANT.

THE Daily Mirror correspondence about "servants and saving" is instructive and interesting to housewives of long experience—not always so much on account of what it says as on account of what it implies and what it leaves unsaid.

Now one of the things most of your readers evidently take for granted is that, if we want to save and to live simply, either in servants, or in food, or in anything else—we have only to want or will it. The result—saving—will follow at once. Therefore, if we have not saved hitherto, and if our extravagance is causing Lord Devonport anxiety, it is simply because we don't really want to save,

rors! She is not going to give notice; but she is not going to give up potatoes, if she can help it.

That night they appear for dinner. "But how? Where?" Cook answers that she got them by going to—. And she names a suburb with which she seems to be in collusion. She is proud of it. She has wrested potatoes from the suburb—and from everybody else. She has done somebody and so done her bit. We still have potatoes. All is well. The war can go on.

"IS THIS GRATITUDE?"

Next day, I "make a row" about it. I put my foot down and say: "I will not have it: no potatoes!" An absolute order. Cook looks bitterly offended. Is this gratitude?—her face says—is this what I had a right to expect?

Bit by bit, then, I have to induce her to do without. She is not extravagant. On

do without. She is not extravagant. On

"SERVANTS AND SAVING."

ITALIAN OR FRENCH HOUSEHOLDS CONTRASTED WITH OUR OWN.

NOT A SUCCESS.

I CAN only say that my experience differs from that of your correspondent "An English Housewife."

I, too, gave up English servants as hopeless and tried French ones. I found them extremely extravagant. In the waste of coal and light they amazed me. They also wasted food.

ANOTHER ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE.

Wilton-place, S.W.

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW!

THE truth is that the class from which most of our servants are drawn has no frugality and has never learnt what may be called the technique of saving.

The reason for this may be that we were a very rich people before the war. We lived extravagantly and wastefully. Your correspondent quotes her Italian servants. But the Italians are a poorer people, and poverty trains the lower classes in Italy into habits of saving.

L. E. Richmond, Surrey.

WITHOUT SERVANTS.

THE solution of the "servants and saving" problem is—do your own work. Do things largely for yourself!

Surely the thing taught us by this war is that we must not depend on others to do things. We must depend on ourselves.

We shall all have to do with fewer servants after the war. Let us then learn to do the best we can for ourselves.

L. K. Ladbroke-terrace, W.

RUSSIA'S REVOLUTION.

ONE point out with reference to "W. M.'s" article, "Order first, Reformation afterwards," that in an attainable condition. For if there is order reformation is not required, that is born of disorder.

Out of chaos, or what appears to our pigmy vision to be chaos, the world and their families are born. In a related Nations are always in travail before they bring forth.

Russia will have many pangs before her liberation, but had she not struck now, the wolfish Hun would have eaten her up. The core of the nation is there. M. A. B. Sandgate.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 21.—Carrots may be sown early next month in most districts or on a warm, sheltered border at once. Ground intended for this crop should not be manured; it needs to sow, and at it must be deeply dug over and made as fine as possible.

This work should, of course, only be done in fine, dry weather. If the soil is of a heavy nature mix it with plenty of ashes from the garden fire.

Sow carrots in rows that run one foot apart. The seeds may be mixed with a little sand to separate them and save wastage.

E. F. T.

FAMILIAR SCENE, MORE ESPECIALLY ON SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS, BEFORE THE WAR



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO NOW



We don't try. Saving is easy if you try. Thus with potatoes.

I want to save on potatoes. Or, rather, I no longer want them. If I don't want them and refrain from them, other people poorer than myself will be able to procure them. So I give the order to the cook: "Don't bother about potatoes in future. We'll do without them."

The order is given.

But, as I give it, I cannot help seeing in the face of the cook—who I know and like and whom I have had for nearly nine years—that she is grieved. I will not say "offended"! I will not go so far as to say "shocked." No—"grieved." That is the word. Depressed, thoughtful, unhappy.

She says nothing. She is evidently making up her mind.

Perhaps she is going to give notice? Hor-

the contrary, she is economical. But she is also conventional. So are all classes, but especially the lower classes, in this conventional country of ours.

When we think we can't do without potatoes, it is not that we depend upon them for nourishment, or that we like them so much as all that. It is that we have always had them. They are a habit. Middle-class families have and ought to have potatoes on the table for dinner at night. If they don't have them they are no longer middle-class families. In fact they are hardly families at all. They are something undefined, barbarous, and new. . . .

All because of potatoes! But potatoes are typical. They represent all other foods and fashions in the British family. Each servant in a big household has, by tacit convention, her job, beyond which she must not stray. She has her sort of food to which she is accus-

ted. She and we have our hours, our ways, our methods. Nothing must change.

That is why it is so difficult to save. In trying to save in England, you come up against a thing harder to defeat than extravagance. You come up against convention and habit deep-rooted in profoundly conventional minds.

Each class imitates another class. And hitherto each class has (naturally) imitated the class above it.

But, after the war, each class will have to imitate the class below it, if it is to save and to live simply. Those who once lived in imitation of the "nobility and gentry" will in future have to live in imitation of the lower-middle classes—that is, as regards standard of "keeping up appearances." For us to do this, the first thing needful is to abolish convention. Let us begin with potatoes.

THE HUNS, REALISING THAT DEFEAT WAS INEVITABLE, PILLAGED AND



Repairing rolling stock left behind by the Germans when they abandoned Le Sars.—(Australian official photograph.)

FRENCH AIRMAN WEDS.



Sergeant Jules Teulade Cabanes, French Flying Corps, and his bride (Miss Evans), who were married at the French Church, Leicester-square, yesterday. The bridegroom is well known at Hendon and Brooklands.

BEHEADED IN THE RAID.



A small boy, aged nine, who, during the bombardment of an East Coast town, crept into his father's bed, leaving his Teddy bear in his own. Teddy was beheaded by a piece of shell, but the boy was unhurt.

LAW CASES.



Miss Hilda Duff, a revue actress, who was awarded £367 damages.

An Ealing schoolboy named Askew, who will get £250 for disfigurement.



Troops passing a burning building in Bapaume. The Germans had held it since Aug



Troops amid the ruins.—(Australian official photograph.)

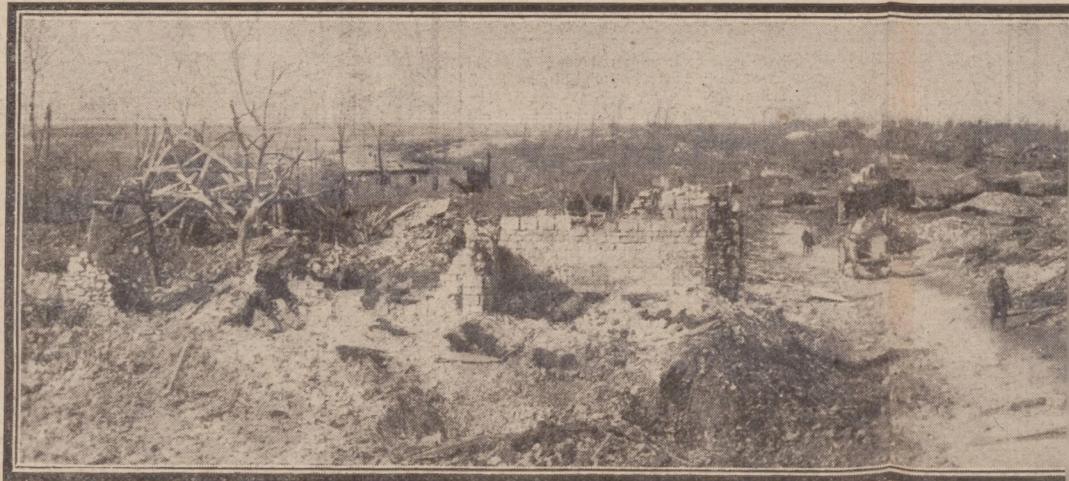


Hospital in a chapel

U.S. AMBASSADOR OPENS HOSPITAL.



Dr. Page, the U.S. Ambassador (x), after performing the opening ceremony at the American Women's Hospital for Officers at Lancaster-gate yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



What remains of Puisieux, one of the places that have recently been liberated.

Bapaume, one of the most historic and picturesque towns of Northern France, is now nothing but a heap of ruins. Days before the conquerors entered the town the Kaiser's troops, in their impotent rage, provided us with yet another

example of Kultur by town and committing

LE, PILLAGED AND FIRED BAPAUME IN THEIR BLIND, IMPOTENT RAGE.



ing in Bapaume. The Germans had held it since August 27, 1914.—(Australian official.)



Wounded being brought in on the day Bapaume was captured. Our casualties were slight.—(Australian official photograph.)

WAR NURSES.



Miss Priestman, matron of a hospital at Lynmouth, Royal Red Cross.



Miss A. W. Collins, a staff nurse at Farnham, also Royal Red Cross.

AFTER THEIR VICTORY.



French airmen who brought down a German aeroplane behind their own lines, photographed after performing this fine feat. The observer has been wounded in the arm. The pilot has been decorated.

CANADIANS DECORATED.



Major-General Turner decorating Gunner F. B. Houston with the Military Medal at the Woodcote Park Convalescent Home, Epsom, where nine gallant Canadians received the reward of their heroism yesterday.



Hospital in a chapel at Millencourt.—(Australian official.)

ian official photograph.)



, one of the places that have recently been liberated. It is on the road to Bapaume.

hing but a heap of ruins. | example of Kultur by systematically setting alight to or destroying by explosion most of the historic quarters of the

provided us with yet another

town and committing various other monstrous acts of vandalism, including the destruction of a chateau.

RACING IN THE SNOW AT GATWICK.



Snow fell yesterday at Gatwick, where the Grand National was the chief event, and one race was temporarily postponed, as the jockeys could not face the storm.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



"Wincarnis" will give you the New Health you need, when you are

Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," Run-down.

"Wincarnis" possesses a four-fold power in creating new health. Because "Wincarnis" is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all combined in one rich, delicious, life-giving beverage. This four-fold effect, acting upon the system at one time, creates new strength—and at the same time, new rich blood—and at the same time, new nerve force—all at the same time, new vitality. Thus the whole body becomes revitalised, and surcharged with a delicious feeling of new life. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend "Wincarnis."

"Wincarnis" is not a luxury, but a positive necessity to all who are Weak, Anæmic, "Nervy," "Run-down"—to all enfeebled by old age—to martyrs to Indigestion—to all Invalids—and to all who are depressed and out-of-sorts."

All Wine Merchants and Licensed Chemists and Grocers sell "Wincarnis." Will you try just one bottle?

SPECIAL NOTE.—For many months we have striven to maintain the normal price of "Wincarnis" in spite of enormously increasing costs of all the ingredients used in "Wincarnis." It is now quite impossible to produce "Wincarnis" at the old prices.

Therefore we are reluctantly compelled to advance the prices as follows:—

Over 10,000
Doctors
recommend
"Wincarnis."

WINGARNIS
"The Wine of Life."

The new prices
are:—
Pint Size 2/-
Quart Size 4/-



are Corsets that will instantly appeal to every full-figured woman who has hitherto been in difficulty in getting a reducing Corset that would satisfy her figure requirements.

Specially designed for the well-developed and stout figure, they are guaranteed to reduce the hips and abdomen from "one to five" inches, whilst Wearproof Elastine Gores will ensure comfort to the wearer in any position. Made in Coutils and Broches from 12/- per pair up.

If not procurable at your local Drapery, write for Illustrated Booklet and name of nearest agent to—

W.B. CORSETS (Dept. M),
23, London Wall,
London, E.C. 2.



For the Nurse and Munition Workers

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers and doing all kinds of rough and dirty work in the National Cause, they find it a most difficult trouble effectively to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The best way to get round this is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

**BEETHAM'S
la-rola**



is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to buy a good sized bottle costing only 1/6d. You can get it at all Chemists and Stores.

FALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of La-rola Rose Bloom, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-, M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

DUNLOP, WARWICK AND CAMBRIDGE CYCLE TYRES

BRITISH-MADE

"A price to suit every pocket, and the best tyre at the price."



A Joy to the Tidy Housewife

A **KOMO MOP** quickly cleans up every speck of dust.

IT SWEEPS, DUSTS and POLISHES.

BRITISH MADE BY BRITISH WORKERS.

STANDARD MODEL.

With interchangeable
Mop. Spare dry fabrics
obtainable at small cost

HINGE MODEL.

Useful for reaching most
inaccessible places and
corners

3/6

Both include a 6d. tin of Komo Mop Polish.

Sold by Ironmongers, House Furnishers, Stores, &c. If your Dealer cannot supply you, send P.O. for either amount, when we will immediately send you the required Model, carriage paid.

KOMO HANDY MOP

Manufacturers:
The "Matchless" Metal Polish Co., Ltd., Liverpool.



Says Moll o' the Mop,
"I don't know if I
The Komo Hand Mop
Are really A!"

STELLITE CARS

Improvements in design and manufacture have indubitably established the Stellite Car as the after-the-war light car model.

Add your name to our
"Waiting - List" for
early Post-war delivery.

**The Electric & Ordnance
Accessories Co., Ltd.**
Ward End Works, Birmingham.

London Agents :
Wolseley Motors, Limited,
York St., Westminster, S.W. 1.



PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M.
AYRES.



Nan Marryby.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRYBY, a charming girl who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSTER, who has lost his memory as the result of shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan.

JOAN ENDICOTT, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT, Peter's friend, and a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

NAN MARRYBY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she tries to keep up her courage and to hope for the best even when the outlook seems darkest. She devotes herself to cheering and giving strength to her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also at the front. Joan is weak and clinging, but Nan is strong and brave, and most of the burden falls upon her shoulders. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news—that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She bears the blow heroically, and becomes more attentive than ever to Joan. This is the secret of Nan's strength; her husband, Tim, Nan keeps a brave face to the foe, although her heart is torn with anxiety. Then come tidings that Peter is out of danger.

The two girls settle down once more to wait as patiently as they can.

One evening a visitor comes to see Nan. It is Peter's friend, Lieutenant Arnott, and he has come to tell her that Peter is in London, but that he is not well.

It is the shock, he explains, that has wiped out from Peter's mind the remembrance of everything that had happened before he was wounded. He does not know that he is engaged to Nan. He has forgotten all about her, and all Arnott's efforts to recall the events of the past have failed.

Nan decides to go and see Peter at once. Arnott has said to her that he is in London—and she will not listen to his advice when he begs her to postpone her visit for a little time.

All she wants is to see him, for she thinks that he will remember her when they meet.

Very reluctantly, Arnott takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. Once more he tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going. Alone she goes into the smoking room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion of which she feels ashamed—flashes into Nan's mind. Peter seems so well and so natural that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

"Are you looking for anything?" the girl who is Peter's lover asks.

Nan hastily explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves somewhere. Peter comes and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

With a frozen heart Nan leaves the room, and Arnott takes her home. She has to tell Joan all about her ordeal, and then she makes her way to her own room to be alone with her grief.

Her heart is filled to the brim when Arnott asks her: "Well, Nan, she knows nothing about a ring which Peter prizes very much. He cannot find it, and he fears that it has been stolen. Nan does not reply.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter. He tells her that Peter is going to stay with his sister, and he asks her whether she would like him to ask his sister to invite her at the same time.

BETWEEN LOVE AND PRIDE.

FOR a moment Nan stared at John Arnott with a look of such eagerness in her face that he was obliged to turn his eyes away. He was very fond of Peter Lyster, but it seemed to him somehow strange that this girl should care for his friend so much. Peter was—as he knew him—an ordinary, happy-go-lucky sort of man, certainly no more of a hero than any other man with whom he had faced death and discomfort for every day of the past five months in France.

But Nan apparently thought otherwise. There was a sort of beatific expression in her eyes whenever she spoke of him, and even the tone of her voice was different, so John Arnott thought with an odd sort of pang.

Her face told him how much she longed to accept his kind invitation to go and visit his sister while Peter was there. But it waited a long while before she spoke in answer to his embarrassed question.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"Oh, I couldn't," she said breathlessly. "It's so good of you to think of it—so very kind—but—"

"She laughed ruefully. "It would be so dreadful—so . . . oh, no, I couldn't!" she added.

Arnott looked sorry. "I don't think it's such a ripping idea," he said boyishly. "You don't know what a decent sort my sister is."

"I am sure she is," Nan said. In her heart she added to herself: "She must be if she is anything like you."

"But I couldn't," she said again. "It—it . . . oh, it would be such an impossible situation! Besides—"she laughed rather brokenly—supposing Mr. Arnott would understand.

It was a heart-breaking thought, but it seemed ready that whatever happened in the future nothing could be much worse than what she had gone through when she stood in the round-room of the hotel and met the unrecognising look in Peter's eyes.

And yet on the other hand, Arnott said very seriously, "It might get better—the fact of you being there might make him remember you," but Nan only shook her head.

There was a little silence. Arnott fidgeted uncomfortably.

"At any rate, I'll tell you what we decide to do," he said after a moment. He had a very real desire in his heart to help this girl. It seemed such a rotten shame—that was the truth—that she should be in his mind. Since yesterday he had been conscious of a growing irritation against Lyster. The whole thing seemed so preposterous, and yet he knew that it was genuine enough. Out there in France such things happened every day. It was only because it had been brought home to him so suddenly that it seemed far-fetched and unreal.

He looked at Nan. "What do you mean by 'decide to do'?" he asked her.

"Yes?" She darted forward in a chair and sat down with a sort of weariness. "I came to live with my friend, Mrs. Endicott, when her husband joined the Army. It's her flat, not mine; but I never go on very well with my own people." She looked up at him and smiled. "I dare say it's my fault, but—'" She made a little grimace. "It isn't always possible to get on with people just because they happen to be relatives," she said whimsically.

Arnott laughed.

"By Jove, I should say not," he said, but in his heart he was thinking that Nan's people must be a queer lot if they could not get on with her.

Nan looked at the little parcel of letters he had left on the table for her, and she felt as if a rough hand had wrung her heart. She dreaded having to open them, and yet she had with her own eyes seen that Peter had so far forgotten her and everything to do with her that the letters which he had once said were his most cherished possessions, meant nothing to him any more.

Even now it seemed like a bad dream from which she was sure to waken if she were very, very patient; for the moment she forgot Arnott, and lost herself in retrospection.

She had not so long ago been very happy, but she had not fully realised what happiness the past had really contained; it seemed impossible that she no longer had a lover—that there was nothing more to look forward to—no letters, no joy of reunion. For her the war had ceased to have any meaning; she envied Joan because she still knew what it was to yearn for the man she loved—anything, anything would be better than this awful feeling of emptiness.

She was ashamed to admit that an end had come to all that she had ever hoped for.

In her heart Nan did not believe that Peter would ever be any different; she believed that always now that blank, politely unrecognising look in his eyes was all she could expect if ever she saw him again.

She roused herself with an effort. She turned again to Arnott; she felt almost morbidly sensitive of even this man's smile, and his passing.

She had a sudden impulse. Ejection of any kind now seemed a thing to shun and bury out of sight as deeply as possible; she was not going to wear her heart on her sleeve for all the world to see and pity; for the future her life had got to be one long pretence—one great effort to act so well and thoroughly that nobody could ever guess or suspect that her heart was breaking.

"Have you got very long leave?" she asked. She was not really interested in this man, but she wanted him to think she was; she wanted to make him believe that her great grief had not driven everything else from her heart and mind.

Arnott coloured a little. "I don't know—several weeks, I expect. I had a bit of a knock myself, you see," he explained, awkwardly.

Nan's eyes widened into sudden interest.

"You're wounded, too? I didn't know you never told me."

He shook his head. "Oh, it wasn't anything," he said. "Only a flesh wound in the shoulder, though it's a bit tiresome, and won't heal . . ." he indicated his left shoulder, and now Nan could see that it looked bulky under his coat as if it were much bandaged.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she asked him. She felt horribly ashamed of herself for being so wrapped up in her own concerns that she had not had eyes for anything else.

He laughed. "Why should I tell you?" he said, lightly. "It's nothing anyway—"

"I think I ought to be going. I promised Lyster to be back in half an hour and take the train. He wants to have a look round the shop."

Nan tried to smile, but she felt as if her face were stiff; it tore her heart with jealousy to think that Peter was there, so close to her,

and that it never once crossed his mind that she was near him—that it was nothing to him.

They had planned such a time when he got his leave; his last letter to her before he was wounded had been full of all that he meant to do when he came home—the places they would go to—one sentence he had written seemed to leap out of the past and stare at her with mocking eyes.

"We'll spend our honeymoon in London, I think, Nan. There are such lots of places I haven't seen, and I shall love doing the round of the shops with you and buying you lots of things. I suppose you know that you haven't got your ring back yet, Nan, let, madam? That's the first thing we'll do the morning after I get home—go and choose a ring."

And now he was home, and he had forgotten her. He was quite content to go the round of the shops with John Arnott instead.

She went to the door with Arnott and bade him good-bye.

"But I shall see you again, shan't I?" he asked anxiously. "I may not be going down to my shop just yet—I expect. I hope you will let me see you again."

Nan answered that she would be very pleased, that, of course, she would like to see him again, but in her heart she knew she did not want to. She dreaded hearing any more of Lyster, and yet she knew that every pulse in her body longed to hear of him, what he was doing and how he was spending his time.

She knew that he had been a scoundrel, and wished he would cut her out of her life for ever; that there was nothing to be gained by clinging to the poor hope of his recovery; to put him out of her heart once and for all was the only way in which she could hope to find peace and eventually forgetfulness, but she knew, too, that she would never be strong enough to do this.

Even as she said this she argued with herself, at the bottom of her heart, and she was wondering if she dared ask Arnott where he and Peter were going that morning—if she dared go in the same direction herself, in the hope of meeting them. If she could just see Peter, just watch him from a distance, it would be something.

"You're a silly little girl, my dear!" she told herself, even as her heart seemed torn in two with the argument. "You're a poor little creature, and it's not worth your pluck to make up your mind to start at once and forget him!" She shook hands with Arnott mechanically.

"He doesn't look half as fine in his uniform as Peter," she found herself thinking unconsciously, and was ashamed of the thought even as it crossed her mind.

She supposed that all women with a man in the Army thought the same, that hers was the only one that mattered—the only one at whom every other woman must be casting envious eyes.

THE FINGER OF FATE.

A TELEGRAPH boy ran up the steps as they stood there. He handed Nan a telegram.

"Name of Endicott?" he said laconically.

"For Joan," said Nan. A little pang of envy went through her heart. Once the sight of a telegram set all her pulses racing, but now she cared less than nothing. She bade Arnott a hasty "Good-bye" and went in the direction of the post office.

Jean was only just dressing. She looked very frail and childlike, standing there with her hair tumbling about her shoulders. Nan spoke to her softly.

"A telegram, dear," she said.

Jean turned sharply, her face chalk-white. She dropped her brush with a clatter.

"For me! Oh, Nan, you open it—I'm so afraid!"

Nan laughed—she tore open the envelope carelessly, and drew out the message.

"Home on Friday, five days' leave—Tim." She gave the message a long, languid stare.

"I don't believe you're teasing me. I just don't believe it!" She snatched the paper from Nan, read it and burst into tears.

"Oh, it's just too wonderful—I'm so happy. Oh, Nan, you must hurry up and finish that pink blouse for me!"

She was like a selfish child in her delight; she kissed the flimsy paper which the adored Tim had sent her.

Nan walked out of the room without answering; she did not mean to be unkind or unsympathetic, but her heart felt like a stone in her breast.

It wasn't fair, she told herself bitterly; why should Joan have all the happiness, whilst she, who had tried so hard to be brave and cheerful, was to have nothing?

"There is no answer," she told the waiting boy, wearily.

She stood and watched him as he went down the steps and scrambled on to his red-painted bicycle at the gate.

As a rule she never wasted time, but this morning there seemed nothing to hurry for, nothing to do, nothing to look forward to any more. She might as well stand there at the door and watch the boy amble idly off down the road as for anything else; he had been out of sight some minutes before she turned and went indoors.

There seemed to be a red-hot pain in her heart; she passed Joan's room, and went into the little sitting-room where the small bundle of letters still lay on the table.

She picked them up and held them mechanically.

"It was quite a shock, I suppose," she said, wearily. "In dreams people always wake up just when everything was getting utterly impossible to bear. She waited a moment, standing there staring at Joan's unfinished blouse still lying across the sewing machine, where she had left it last night.

(Continued on page 11.)

6d. MAGAZINE FREE

32-Page Illustrated Journal
for Men and Women.

"LLOYD GEORGE" ARTICLES
THAT WILL SET ALL
BRITAIN TALKING.

Write for Presentation Copy To-day.

UNIQUE in the annals of publications is the Special War Number of "Brain-Power," published to-day.

The price of this 32-page magazine is sixpence, but so valuable is the information it contains that arrangements have been made to send a copy gratis and post free, to every reader who would like to receive it.

Just send a post card to the address printed below and you will receive a presentation copy of this magazine by return of post.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

"Brain-Power" differs from the general run of magazines in many respects.

Whilst its contents are varied and interesting, the valuable articles it contains are designed to give valuable hints to the reader who wishes to improve his or her position in life.

How valuable this help may be is easily judged from the fact that "Brain-Power" is published by the well-known Pelman Institute, which is doing such splendid work in increasing the efficiency and earning-power of thousands of men and women.

Most interesting letters from some of the most brilliant women are printed in the pages of "Brain-Power," and from these we find by training their minds on the scientific system directed through the post by the Institute people have

Doubled and trebled their incomes.
Increased their businesses.
Secured rapid promotion.

Developed valuable mental qualities.
Greatly increased their all-round efficiency.

POPULAR IN ARMY AND NAVY.

It is a notable fact that the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training is enormously appreciated in the Army and Navy (as well as in the Business and Professional worlds), so much so that according to "Brain-Power" the course is now being followed by

OVER 5,000 OFFICERS AND MEN,
including 20 Generals, 101 Colonels, 163 Majors, 405 Captains, 981 Lieutenants, 3 Admirals, 55 Naval Captains and Commanders and 187 Naval Lieutenants.

CONTENTS OF BRAIN-POWER.

Here is a list of some of the articles appearing in the special War Number of "Brain-Power."

"Truth and the Need for Efficiency."
"Pelman and the War."
"Increasing the Nation's Output."
"Five Important Questions."
"What is Your Market Value?"

"Brains at Verdun."
"The Duty of Efficiency," by W. Douglas Newson.
"Training in the Civil Service."
"Science and Agriculture."

"Learning Foreign Languages."
"Lloyd George," by Cross-Bench.
"Lloyd George." Another aspect by "M.P."
"How I Recovered from Shell-Shock."
"Pelmanising in the Sudan."

"A Visit to the Michie Hospital," by Beatrice Patenoster.
"Women in Business."

NEW LIGHT ON THE PREMIER.

Many readers will turn first to the extraordinary article on Mr. Lloyd George by "Cross-Bench," which is certain to cause a great sensation.

"Cross-Bench" knows Mr. Lloyd George intimately, and this article throws a most unusual light upon the workings of the Premier's mind. It has been described by a well-known member of Parliament as "one of the most brilliant and penetrating studies of Mr. Lloyd George" that has ever read.

Other readers will probably appreciate most the practical side of this journal, in which it is shown how by practising scientific mind and memory training for a few weeks, men and women can improve their

| | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Concentration, | Self-Control, |
| Observation, | Self-Confidence, |
| Perception, | Tact, |
| Will-Power, | Organising Ability, |
| Decision, | Salesmanship, |
| Initiative, | Directive Ability, |
| Originality, | Reasoning Power, |
| Resourcefulness, | Debating Power, |
| | Conversational Charm, |

AND DEVELOP

and other qualities of the greatest possible value in every walk of life. (Full particulars of this system will be sent with "Brain-Power" to every applicant.)

HOW TO SECURE A FREE COPY.

To obtain a free copy of this remarkable magazine just send a post card addressed to The Pelman Institute, 44, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. It will be sent you by return, gratis and post free, with full information showing you how to double your efficiency, greatly increase your earning-power and secure swift promotion. Write to-day.—(Advt.)



The Bishop of Llandaff, who has been advocating Prohibition during the war.



Lady Cowdry, an energetic worker on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital Fund.

FOOD ECONOMY.

London Contentedly Adopting the Restricted Rations.

ONLY Lord Devonport knows whether his suggestion of voluntary rationing is producing the economies he may have expected. I can say, however, that the restaurants at last are obeying his suggestions. Liberal portions have generally disappeared and "the follow" is only a succulent memory, even in the City.

Saving Meat.

THESE are meatless days, rigidly enforced, and meatless and fishless hors d'œuvre are, I find, being served several days weekly, instead of one. In only few places is one permitted to "help oneself" to cheese, tiny portions being served instead of the whole cheese. Indeed, I can safely say that the "food lingo" no longer has access to the flesh-pots—unless at home. Obviously, the restaurant people at last have discovered that necessity is the mother of economy.

Lenton Fare.

I HAD DINNER at a fashionable restaurant yesterday. I can say truthfully that it was almost maigre throughout. The hors d'œuvre were wholly vegetable. The meat was well below the official allowance. There was enough.

A Memory of Merrie England.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED. A lady was telling me at lunch yesterday that her great grandmother ate beef and drank beer for breakfast up till the day of her death. Of course, she died young! On the contrary, she lived to the age of ninety-four!

One Way into Grosvenor House.

NOT THE LEAST STRANGE of the structural changes and adaptations to which London has had to submit in war time is the corridor that links Grosvenor House (Lord Devonport's official abode) with its next-door neighbour eastward. This juts across the courtyard and is supported mainly by the columns of the porch. It is now complete, and workmen are removing the scaffolding.

The Flags of Victory.

I HAVE BEEN impressed by the way in which the Franco-British advance has drawn the luncheon-hour loiterer to the windows of luncheon-houses. Not since the early days of the war has there been so much interest in the position of those little flags that denote the khaki line of heroes "somewhere in France."

Sam Weller in Russia.

"EXCUSE THE LIBERTY," as the Duma said to the Tsar.

The Paymaster-General.

THE MANY FRIENDS of Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, the Paymaster-General, will learn with interest that he has been appointed Parliamentary Commissioner to the Charity Commission. Sir Joseph is as well known in the religious as in the political world, for he has for many years been prominently associated with the work of the Free Churches.

Literary M.P.

FOR MANY YEARS Sir Joseph was a leading figure in the coal trade, building up a vast business at a comparatively early age in life. He has a fine literary taste, and has written many erudite works on religious subjects. He has also dabbled in journalism.



Sir J. Compton Rickett, M.P.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The Red Cross Sale.

THE RED CROSS SALE starts to-day at Christie's. The gifts are so varied and valuable that a large sum is sure to be realised. It seems likely that the bidding for an album of drawings presented by Queen Alexandra will be brisk.

Opera at the Lane.

I HEAR that there will be no autumn drama at Drury Lane this year. In the place of the thrills we shall have the trills of grand opera, under the leadership of Sir Thomas Beecham.

Intolerance.

IN THE MEANTIME we are to have a most ambitious American film-play at the Lane. It is called "Intolerance," starts with the fall of Babylon, takes in the massacre of St. Bartholomew and finishes with the present day.

The Revolution—in Chalk.

MR. MAX DAREWSKI told me yesterday of a curious experience. Two or three days ago he was passing the Princes Theatre. There were no newspaper posters to-day, as you know, but an enterprising paper seller had evaded the difficulty by chalking on the pavement: "The Tsar Abdicates. His Brother Takes It On." He had his reward.

Painter and Parodist, Too!

Nobody KNOWS Mr. William Nicholson will be surprised at his temporarily abandoning the brush for the pen, as he did to provide a playlet for the Chelsea Revue. The distinguished painter has literary gifts rare in artists, and some of his parodies of poets are very amusing.

Under Cover in the Trenches.

WHEN I MET Miss Jessie Winter at the Savoy she produced from her muff a wonderful mascot doll—a sort of cross between a Teddy bear and a bikini. It was made of odds and ends of cloth, paper and wood by a party of Canadian soldiers in a front-line trench.

They sent it to her, requesting signed photographs in return—which, of course, they got. Their letter was headed: "From under cover in the trenches to 'Under Cover' at the Strand, London."

Food in France.

A FRIEND who was in France last week tells me that the only cheap article of diet just now is eggs, which are about 1½d. each. Meat, he said, averages 5f. a kilo, which is about the equivalent of 5s. a pound. Twice a week no cakes or pastries are allowed to be sold.

Still Talking of It.

I MET Sir George Reid, Mr. Andrew Fisher, Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Thomas Mackenzie and many other prominent Colonials at the British Empire Club yesterday, when Mr. W. F. Massey, New Zealand's Prime Minister, unfurled the New Zealand flag he presented to the club. Nothing else was talked of but the wonderful significance of the first Empire War Cabinet meeting the other day. It was clear that the meeting greatly impressed the Colonial Premiers.

A Harmony in Blue.

THE NEW AMERICAN Hospital for officers, which was given as a token of their sympathy for our wounded, is a beautiful place. The walls are white panelled, all the furniture is enamelled white, and its rugs, eiderdowns, cushions, curtains and even flowers are soft blue. This, with the beautiful view of the Park without, and the view of the beautiful V.A.D. girls within, should make it "Regie's" most popular cure.

Personally Conducted Trip.

MRS. PAGE, who came with the American Ambassador to open it yesterday, was received by the Duchess of Marlborough in soft grey and black and Lady Randolph Churchill, who wore a row of miniature orders and medals on her black satin gown. Afterwards there was tea served by the pretty nurses, and the Duchess took some of the guests over the wards and theatres.

A Literary Coincidence.

A STRANGE literary coincidence has occurred with regard to the title, "The Man Who Forgot," which was selected by Miss Ruby M. Ayres for her new story, which has just begun in *The Daily Mirror*. Mr. John Mackie has called attention to the fact that several years ago he published a successful story under the same title; and as this gives him priority of claim, the title of our new story has been changed.

Peter Lyster: The Man Who Forgot

THE STORY will be continued under the title "Peter Lyster: The Man Who Forgot," which incorporates the name of the hero; and I am sure that you will like the story none the less under its new name. Countless letters of appreciation of this splendid serial continue to arrive.

From Pacific to Atlantic.

I LOOKED in yesterday to witness a private presentation of the film illustrating the Bessey Expedition from the Pacific to the Atlantic. It is a remarkable film, many of the photographs being taken under the most difficult circumstances, and scientifically the expedition was a great success.

Fights with Indians.

THE BESEY EXPEDITION had as its chief object the determination of the source of the Amazon, and to explore Peru, Ecuador and Brazil and to trace some American explorers in these parts of the unexplored western hemisphere. The party underwent great privations, had a fight with Indians, made remarkable discoveries and lost some of its members by fighting and sickness.

A Distinguished Traveller.

THE EXPEDITION was led by Captain Campbell Besley, an Australian, with whom I had a chat yesterday. He is a distinguished-looking Colonial with a striking crop of white hair. Captain Besley tells me that the British Government should keep a keener eye on South America.



Miss Beth Tate, the Californian actress, who is returning to the stage after her recent illness.



Miss Nancy Playfair, who is helping to run a canteen for munition girls at Abbey Wood.

Swinburne Again.

THESE IS, I find, much interest in literary circles in the volume of posthumous poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne soon to be published. Swinburne was probably the most prolific poet of his time, but up to the end his work showed little signs of degeneration.

A Student of Elizabethan Drama.

I MET SWINBURNE once at the house of Mr. Watts-Dunton at Putney. The author of "Songs before Sunrise" was a fluent talker, though his deafness, which increased with age, made him a rather bad listener. On the occasion to which I refer he discoursed for over two hours on the subject of the Elizabethan drama with an eloquence that would have dismayed Charles Lamb and made even Macaulay envious.

Chambers of Commerce.

I LOOKED in at the Associated Chambers of Commerce meeting at the Connaught Rooms yesterday morning. A great number of delegates were present, under the chairmanship of Sir Algernon Firth. I stayed long enough to hear quite a lot of eloquence about commerce and patriotism.

Canada v. England.

I HEAR that many ladies have booked seats for this afternoon's boxing contest—Canada versus England—at the Holborn Stadium. The principal attraction is, of course, Jimmy Wilde, who leads the British four. The proceeds go to the British Sportsmen's Ambulance Fund, of which Lord Lansdale is president. The fund, by the way, has already secured over sixty ambulances.

"A Different Child."



Carmex is obtainable from all Chemists, price 1/3, or post free direct from the Manufacturers

"Since taking Carmex he has been a different child, sleeping well and very happy during the day-time," writes Nurse M. E. W.
Many doctors, nurses and mothers are finding Carmex the ideal specific for troublesome teething, constipation, flatulence and other digestive derangements. If your Baby is peevish, fretful or continually in pain, give him Carmex, the soothing, palatable, creamy emulsion, which banishes pain by removing the cause of it, lubricates the entire digestive system, and so brings the organs into sound condition

Carmex

Turns Baby Tears to Smiles

SEND THIS COUPON NOW.

Please send me free and postage paid, a copy of the "Tears and Smiles" booklet, giving hints on the management of Baby.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Wm. Browning & Co., Albert Works, Park Street, London, N.W. 1.

The Crown of the Rhubarb

A dish of stewed rhubarb is lacking in its crowning charm unless it is served with **FREEMAN'S DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD**

The addition of this favourite delicacy intensifies the rich flavour of the rhubarb and retains its somewhat tart acidity. **FREEMAN'S DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD** is the way to approach to the old-fashioned Home-made Custard. For children especially there is nothing more health-giving than plenty of rhubarb and custard in season, and if the custard is **FREEMAN'S** there is nothing they look forward to with more delight.

Sold by all Grocers in 1d. pds., 3d. & 5d. canisters

£1 War Certificates

are given away every week until the end of April, 1917, to all for a despatched booklet—details of the War Savings Scheme which will be sent post free on request. **A 2/- War Saving Voucher** is sent free to every applicant.

Freemans
FOOD PRODUCTS
F.C. 21 Watford

BALLYMACAD'S 'NATIONAL'

Sir G. Bullough's 'Chaser Scores from Chang and Ally Sloper.'

The "War National" was easily won at Gatwick yesterday by Sir George Bullough's Ballymacad, which beat Mr. Trimmer's Chang, Lady Nelson's Ally Sloper and sixteen others. Ballymacad finished eight lengths in front of Chang, and Ally Sloper was four lengths further away.

The favourite Carrig Park fell at the plain fence opposite the stands the second time round, and Limerick at the last fence when leading.

There were very trying winter conditions, and several blizzards of snow swept Gatwick during the racing, a particularly heavy one falling just before the start. The National Hunt course was completely covered, and the weather was bright at intervals. Naturally there was a big crowd.

For the concluding day of the meeting my selections are:

1.0.—LANDTEFL 2.45.—SVETOL
1.45.—SERGEANT 3.30.—HOLLINS LANE
MURPHY. 4.0.—TOMMY HOF.
2.15.—POLYDAMON.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

SVETOL* and SERGEANT MURPHY. BOUVIERIE.

GATWICK PROGRAMME.

| | | |
|------------------|-----------------|--------------|
| 1.0.—COPHTHORNE | HURDLE, | 100 svs; 2m. |
| Early Berry | Fortress | 5 11 7 |
| Aldie | Gold | 6 11 6 |
| 2d Green Lane | Brand | 5 11 6 |
| a Yen How | Averus | 6 11 4 |
| 4d Alpine | Gulliver | 6 11 4 |
| Sneatow Lady | Marie's Pride | 6 11 4 |
| 2d Millbridge | Ulysus | 6 11 4 |
| First Smoke | Raven Ashridge | 5 11 2 |
| Thaddeus | Whore | 5 11 2 |
| Syrene | Happy Days | 5 11 0 |
| Harvest | Duke | 5 11 0 |
| Submit | Floating | 4 11 0 |
| Gata | As | 4 10 9 |
| 2d Benten Rouge | Roachemont | 4 10 9 |
| Katha | Ahanek | 4 10 9 |
| Lazette | Athenaea | 4 10 9 |
| Bolivar | Filia | 4 10 9 |
| Wood Park | Duncan | 4 10 9 |
| Stargazer | Chimera | 4 10 8 |
| Cock of the Rock | Alabaster | 4 10 8 |
| Sudden Syllub | Pentadeau | 4 10 8 |
| a Barona Symons | Herodotus | 4 10 7 |
| | Alceste | 4 10 7 |
| | Sultan of Egypt | 4 10 3 |

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| 1.45.—SOUTHERN | HANDICAP, 100 svs; 5m. | |
| a Hartnett | a Top Hat | 5 10 12 |
| a Green Inn | Robins | 5 10 12 |
| Rosenstein | a Blockade Runner | 5 10 12 |
| a Growler | Sergeant Murphy | 5 10 9 |
| Baroness | General Fox | 5 10 9 |
| 2d Benten | Break Out | 5 10 6 |
| Lamentable | Flinxed | 5 10 3 |
| a Permac | Head | 5 10 3 |
| a Permac | Diblet | 5 10 2 |
| 2.15.—GATWICK HURDLE | HANDICAP, 100 svs; 2m. | |
| a The Binkin | Canada | 5 10 10 |
| Chair Vert | Camomile | 5 10 10 |
| a Gurkha | a Transvaal | 5 10 9 |
| a The Bore | Hare Hill | 5 10 4 |
| Baroness | Woolly | 5 10 4 |
| Haybarrow | Penant | 5 10 4 |
| a Royal Bucks | Gambyses | 5 10 4 |
| Yankee | Albion | 5 10 4 |
| St. Patrick | Bing | 5 10 4 |
| 2.45.—ESSEX | STEEPLECHASE, 5000 svs; 4m. | |
| a United | Sunny Jim | 12 0 |
| King Fox | Bill Gates | 12 0 |
| Perseverance | Bill Bill | 12 0 |
| Mo | Mark Back | 12 0 |
| a Kingfisher H. | Cobblers Wax | 12 0 |
| slimmon's Tanner | Bromhead | 12 0 |
| a Poor Jack | Gold Eagle | 12 0 |
| Mandarin IV | A Ballymould | 12 0 |

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| 3.30.—REDHILL HURDLE RACE, 200 svs; 2m. | |
| Varech | a Catstick |
| Cirrus | 10 1 10 |
| a Star Rock | King Day |
| The Guller | Rock Ahey |
| a Transvaal | Irish Recruit |
| sky | Woolly |
| a Golden Rule | Cobblers Wax |
| a Hollins Lane | Pagan |
| Allie | Woolly Gossamer |
| Raven Ashridge | Bayard |
| Real Grit | Ball's Bill |
| a Nellie | Big Hop |
| Mask Off | Lillard |
| Toiler | Mountmills |
| Twinkletoes | Woolly |
| a Permac | Abilite |
| Prince Edgar | Virgilian |
| Strong Boy | 0 |

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADEPHIL. New Musical Comedy, "HIGH JINKS." To-night, at 8. Mat., Wed., and Sat., at 2.

MARIE BLANCHE. W. H. BERRY. NELLIE TAYLOR. At 8. Mat., 10 to 12. Tel. 2045.

AMBASSADORS. Evenings, 9.30. Mat., Wed., and Sat.

2.30. GONZAGUE; THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE; CLAUDE AND CO. LTD. (A REHEARSAL). At 8. Mat., 10 to 12. Tel. 2045.

COMEDY. Andre Charlot. Rehearsal—SEE-SAW," with John Humphries and Phyllis Monkman.

Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Tues., and Sat., 2.30.

4.0.—EWEI HANDICAP CHASE, 100 svs; 2m.

Real Grit

a Nellie

Mask Off

Toiler

Twinkletoes

a Permac

Prince Edgar

Strong Boy

Matinee, 2.30.

COULD. (See 8.30.) THEATRE DES ALLIES.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW (Friday), at 2.30. EDMEE DORMEUIL IN MIQUEUTE ET MEILLEUR NEUF.

NEUF. Matinee, 2.30. THE SURPRISES OF DIVORCE.

CRITERION. 2.30 and 8.30. The Celebrated Farce.

Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Produced in Oct., 1915. STILL BURNING MERRILLY.

DALYS. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE CORGE ELBOW. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATS., TUES., SATS., AT 2.

Joe Collins, Mabel Sealy, Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Thomas, and others.

DRURY LANE. (See 2.30.)

TO-DAY AND TO-NIGHT. (Last Week.)

Matines, 2.30. (Tues., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.

Resumes, from 8.30 to 2.30, and Sat., at 2.30.)

DUKE OF YORK'S. 2.30 and 8.15. FADDY LONGLEGS.

Rene Kelly, C. Moore, Smiley, Paul Davies.

DAILY. (See 8.30.)

THEATRE IN THE AIR. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8. MATS., TUES., SATS., AT 2.

Madge Titheradge, Lillian Brathwaite, George Tully, Norman McKinnel.

DRUM. (See 2.30.)

TO-NIGHT. (Last Week.)

Matines, 2.30. (Tues., Thurs., and Sat., at 2.30.)

GYMNASIUM. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. THEODORE AND CO.

Matines, 2.30. Leila Henson, Austin McFerrin, Henry Darrow, Freda Jackson, Madge Saunders, Adriah Fair, Gladys Homfray.

GLOBE. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. (See 8.30.)

THEATRE IN THE AIR. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. (See 8.30.)

THEATRE IN THE AIR. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. (See 8.30.)

CHU CHIN CHOW. A Musical Tale of the East.

NEW YORK. (See 8.30.)

THEATRE IN THE AIR. (See 8.30.)

TO-NIGHT, at 8.15. (See 8.30.)

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READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

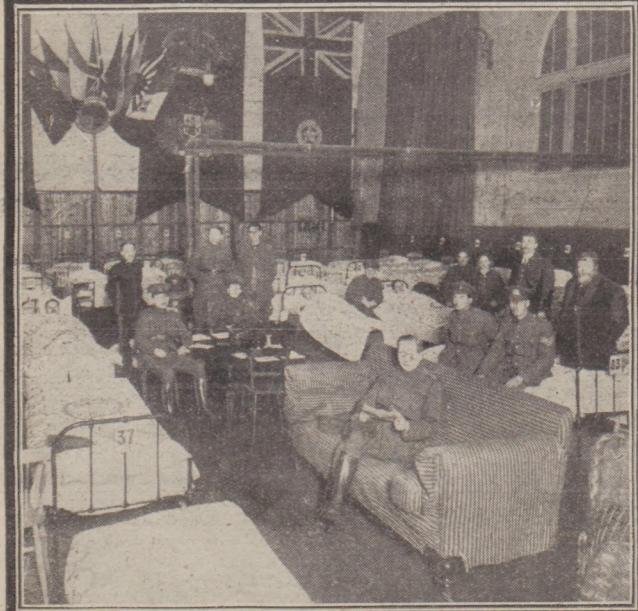
Daily Mirror

ON THE SIDE OF THE PEOPLE.



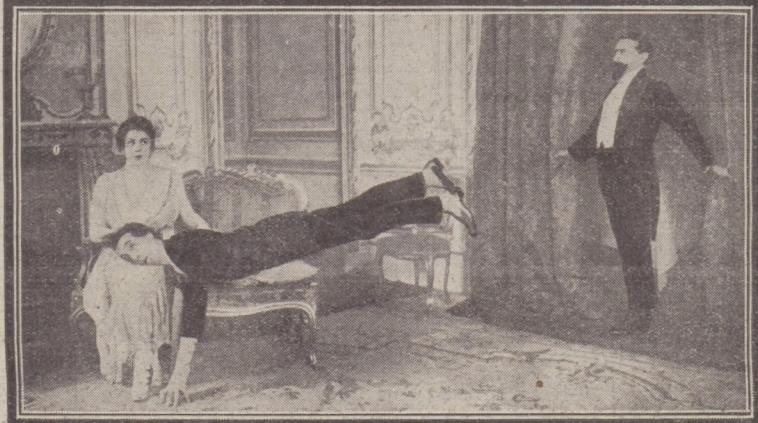
Princess Kira, whose father and mother, the Grand Duke and Duchess Cyril of Russia, have ranged themselves on the side of the people. The Grand Duchess is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh.

SOLDIERS WHO ARE THE GUESTS OF THE KING.



The King's Riding School is now being used as a hostel for soldiers returning from the front. There are 100 beds and accommodation is free.

M. MORTON'S ANTICS IN FRENCH FARCE.



Introduced as the Marquis Gonzague, but overbalances owing to liberal libations of chablis.



Claimed as the romantic flapper's fiancé.

POCKETS LIKE BAGS.



A coat of American origin, which has cross straps and large pockets, which are suggestive of mail bags. The design is both smart and useful.



Tuning the piano before dinner.

"Gonzague," the French farce at the Ambassadors, turns upon the embarrassments and antics of a piano tuner, who is suddenly invited to a dinner party to make a fourteenth, and it is enough to say that the tuner is M. Leon Morton.

AWARDS FOR FATHER AND SON.



Ex-Garrison Q.M.S. W. H. South, of Exeter, awarded the Meritorious Service Medal and an forces, and his son, Cpl. A. G. South, R.M.L.I., who has won the Military Medal.